SECRET CHAMBER

rado river, Texas, about ninety-five miles northwest of Austin. Including the guide. Will Ferris, our hunting party consisted of seven persons; the others being Col. Tom Eastlake, his tifteen-year-old son Dick, Gus Howland, Jack Townley, Charlie Brooke and the writer.

One evening we were returning from a hard day's hunt in the hills, where we had killed a fine jaguar and two black bears. Brooke and I happened to be riding side by side, and gradually fell behind the rest of the party.

Charlie appeared in low spirits, and was unusually taciturn; but, attributing this to fatigue, I did not force conversation upon him, and for several miles neither of us spoke. At last he roused himself, as if from a painful reverie, and said:

"That story which Ferris told us about the Apaches the other night has reminded me of the saddest period of my own life. I seldom refer to it, but somehow I feel like doing so this evening, and if you care to listen I will give you the story in a few

words." leagerly assented, and Charlie continued: "It was in the summer of 1876, I was then a very young man, but had been, for the two preceding years, running a cattle ranch on Gila river, A. T., not far from the southeast corner of White Mountain In-

dian reservation. "Up to Christmas day, 1875, there were three of us in family-myself, my wife and her four-year-old orphaned brother Fred. Having no children of our own, we were perfectly wrapped up in this little fellow, and he was the delight of our lives. We were entirely happy, and the future seemed full of promise-a promise never to be ful-

"My beautiful young wife had been allang, slightly as we thought, for several weeks. I believed her to be convalescing, when pneumonia suddenly set in, and she died on Christmas day-almost her last words being a tender request that I would always care for Fred.

"Of this terrible time I will not attempt to speak. No language can picture my desolation. The companionship of the boy slone gave me courage to live. But let that pass.

"At the time my miserable story opens, I had been for six months a widower, and was making every exertion to close out my business, in order to return to civilization with my precious charge, when a frightful catastrophe occurred.

"I had found it impossible to secure a reputable white couple to look after my house and take oure of the child, and hence had engaged a Mexican and his wife-decent, faithful people-to do so.

"When the weather was fine I usually took Fred with me in my long rides over the range. The little fellow would sit perched up in front of my saddle, proud as king, and the cowboys never tired of petting him. "One day, early in July, however, I was

called suddenly to a distant part of the run, and had to leave the boy at home. I chall never forget how he looked, standing at the door, kissing his hand to me so prettily, and calling out, as I rode away: Good-bye, Charlie, good-bye.' "The job we were engaged in proved a tedious one, and it was late in the after-

noon when, accompanied by four of my herders. I came to the brow of a rise, overlooking the ranch buildings-no, not the buildings, but their smoking ruins; for the accursed Apaches had been there and swept all away!

"Dashing like madmen down the slope, we reached the smoldering pile, and there, in front of where the house-door had been, lay the scalped and mutilated bodies of the Mexican and his wife!

Sick with horror, and for the moment utterly unable to proceed, I sat hopelessly upon my saddle; but my men made a parwhich I so dreaded to see. Then I joined them in probing the hot ashes with long poles; but we found nothing, and were forced to conclude that my dear boy had either been carried off alive or his little body totally consumed.

"No help was at hand, the nearest mili-tary post, Fort Thomas, being fifty miles away. Gila mountains were, however, but nfteen miles distant, and for these the savages would certainly make. They had driven off eight horses, kept in the home corral, and, as their own ponies as well as the other animais, would, of course, be loaded down with plunder, it was barely possible that we might overtake at least the rear guard of the band,

"Our rides had been taken, and, in the way of arms, we had only our beit revolvers left. But our saddle beasts were comparatively fresh and all were swift of foot. My cowboys, foaming with rage and crazy for revenge, nrged an instant pursuit, and in less than twenty minutes after our arrival we five men were sourring hotly on the trail of the murderers, outnumbering us, probably, ten to one.

"I need not give details of the chase, except to say that we did come up with the rear of the column, in which were my borses, just as it was entering the mountain defil. Utterly regardless of our own lives, we charged upon the hostiles at ouce, and, though we shot down four of them, stampeded the others and recovered the eight bronchos, not one of us received a scratch."

"One of the wounded bucks lived for a minute or two after being shot, but all efforts to make him give information as to the child's fate, or, maced, to speak at all, proved unavailing, and he died while crooning his death-song."

"To have followed the main body of the enemy into the mountain passes would have been sheer madness. So, partly to stay pursuit, by leaving the savages most of their plunder, partly to facilitate our own retreat, we quickly cut away the broaches' loads, retaining only a few necessaries, and returned sorrowfully to the

ranch-the Indians not daring to follow. "Within three days I sold out everything for what I could get, and devoted one whole year thereafter to an extended search for my little Fred. I hired Indian runners, white scouts and old trappers, and penetrated the haunts of the hostiles wher-

ever possible; but not one atom of intelligence as to any captive boy did they or I ever gain, though our combined efforts resulted in the rescue of two white women. "Failing to receive tidings of the child notwithstanding the large reward offered, and no calcined bones having over been found in the ruins, it now seemed certain that his tender form had indeed been reduced to indistinguishable ashes. Finally concluding that such must be the fact, I

gave up the hopeless search, removed to Texas and engaged in my present business. Six years have since passed away. but the image of that lovely boy, as I last saw him, rises up before me to-night as vividly as ever." My friend sighed heavily as he concluded

his sad story. I offered no idle words of consolation. Indeed, the case seemed to admit of none. But after a while he bravely rallied and said: "Well, it is all past and gone. The child is beyond the reach of sorrow. Let us ride on and overtake the party.'

It was nearly midnight when we ar rived in camp, and all were glad to tumble into bed without ceremony. On the second day after this we arranged to look up a small herd of buffaloes, of which the guide had told us. It consisted,

be said, of two old buils and a dozen or so of cows and calves, located in the broken lands, about lifteen miles away. Much to the boy, Dick's, disappointment, we decided not to kill any of the adult

beasts, but merely capture a few young ones, if possible. As Eastlake, Brooke, Will Ferris and myself were more or less skilled in the use of the lasso, the scheme appeared quite feasible, and was, I may at once say, success-

By W. THOMSON.

We were camped on an affluent of Colo- 1 wild country before the last one was las-When we, at last, got matters fixed and were ready to return, it was found impossible to lead the obstinate little brutes. We had to tie them together in paire and drive them as best we could.

It was past noon, when, eteering directly across the country by compass, we started for camp-the refractory conduct of the youngsters making it exceedingly doubtful whether we should reach it that night. Sometimes the little villains would go quietly, straight ahead for awhile, then, suddenly, bolt to one side, or, per-haps, lower their big heads, stick their stumpy tails in the air and charge with mimic savagery upon the nearest horseman. Quickly learning that they were not to be hurt, they took a mean advantage of the knowledge, and for the first hour proved well nigh unmanageable. After that we began to make fair progress, the seven hunters riding in a semi-circle, with the captive bisons in the hollow of the crescent.

Our odd-looking cavalcade was toiling up a long hill in a particularly wild district when Ferris, riging in the lead, exclaimed: "What in thunder is that halfbreed girl doing up there with her signal-

We looked in the direction pointed out by Will and saw a tall young woman standing on a rock at the turn of the hill and rapidly gestionlating. Her back was toward us and she seemed to be engaged in warning of our approach some one or some-

thing in the valley beyond. "There's some develtry going on, sure," said the guide. "Watch the critter! She makes just seven moves of her hand, then stops and starts again. There's something down in the bottom we're not to see, and the girl daren't go shead for fear of leading us onto it.

We soon came up to the young woman-a wild-looking, unkempt creature, but with an extremely handsome face and magnifi-cent eyes. Ferris tried her with English, Spanish, Mexican patois, and half a dozen Indian dialects in turn, but she would not answer, and stood twirling her thumbs with an assumed air of idiocy.

Half alarmed and wholly amazed at the strange being's conduct, we looked apprehensively down into the valley. Nothing unusual was to be seen there, except a light wreath of smoke rising lazily from out a thick grove of pecan trees. "What do you think, Ferris? Is there not

something here that ought to be looked into?" inquired Colonel Eastlake. "I reckon there is, Colonel. Moonshine whisky, maybe. Let's tie the buffaloes up and go prospecting."

Taking the old guide's advice, we secured the calves to a couple of saplings and rode cantiously down the further side of the slope-the girl sollenly following. Seeing that we made straight for the smoke she suddenly started past us and, running like a deer, disappeared in the grove. We reached it a moment afterwards, but found it impervious to horses. Hastily dismounting, we pushed through a tangled mass of trees and creepers and

presently came upon a cleared space less than one-half of an acre in area. In the midst of this stood a big log-cabin, and before its open door the self-same girl, looking now quite bright and fearless. "The trick's done, whatever it was. The critter ain't a mite scared any more," ob-

Determined to fathom the mystery, we gently put the young woman aside and entered the cabin. The interior seemed to consist of a single room only, which, however, was much smaller than outside appearances had led us to expect. The only visible occupants were an old Mexican greaser and a withered, bag-like Apache squaw, both of whom sat curled up in the chimney corner over the embers of an expiring fire. We accosted them civilly, but they appeared to be deaf and dumb, and did not even look at us.

The guide then spoke to the girl again, asking her in Spanish to explain the meaning of her strange signals. To our utter astonishment she answered in English: "Why, stranger, I didn't mean nothin' in perticler. The old folks is mighty scared of white men, an' I jest wanted to let 'em know you was comin', so's they wouldn't be took by surprise. That's all."
"But why are they afraid of white peo-

ple!" asked Howland. "O mam, she used to live out West, an' she's seen lots of Injuns killed by soldiers. s'pose that's the reason. She's gittin' kind of foolish, anyhow."

"And is this all the family? Have you no brothers or sisters?" "Narry one. There's just the old folks an' me," jauntily replied the girl.

"well, jest by huntin' an' farmin', We've got some clearin's 'tother side of the bush. an' all to-(she caught her breath) all three of us works into them. Dad an' mam's a good deal abler nor they looks."

A gleam of intelligence flashed from one to the other of our party. "Four folks, is there!" muttered will Ferris. "It's sly whisky, plain enough." Colonel Eastlake nodded. "Now tell me,

girl," he sternly said, "whether this is the only room in the house?" "Can't you see that for yourself?" she pertly rejoined. But there was a curious

lickering of the dark eyes which confirmed our suspicions of some secret. Presently, Jack Townley backed quietly against the inside of the front wall and thence walked carelessly across the floor. There was nothing in this to attract attention, but we saw in a moment that he was really measuring the width of the room. With some casual remark about the

horses, he then stroiled out of doors. In a few seconds he returned and said: Boys, there's a secret chamber in the shanty somewhere. The inside of this room measures only lifteen feet from front to rear, but the outer wall is close upon twenty-tour feet! Allowing for the space ocenpied by the front and back walls and one partition there must be a blind room six feet wide reaching clear across the rear end

of the house.' As Jack spoke the girl's swarthy face paled to a ghastly yellow and the old woman shuffled uneasily in her seat. But no move was made, until Gus Howland said: "Let's take up the back part of the floor. There may be a trap-door under it." Then, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole scene changed.

The apparently decrepit pair, each one grasping a pistol, sprang to their feet. The girl, drawing a similar weapon from her bosom, ranged berself beside them, her glorious eyes tlashing ominously.

"Quick, men, quick!" shouted Eastlake, and before any one of the three dared to fire, all were overpowered, disarmed and bound, while a torrent of blood-curdling curses poured from the lips of the oid Mexican. "Guess it's something worse than whisky.

Coining bogus dollars, may be," cooily observed the guide. This seemed a probable supposition, but yet was far from the truth. Strewn about the floor lay a number of undressed deer, bear and wolf skins. We kicked to one side several of those pearest the back walt, but saw nothing suspicions. Evidently the planks bad never been dis-

turbed since first laid down.

Townley and I then stepped outside and went quite around the cabin, and found no trace of an opening other than those in legitimate use. "It's mighty queer," said Jack, as we entered the front door again. "There's an bound to find it."

underground passage somewhere, and we're He stood, while speaking, upon a big corn-shack mat, spread just within the doorway, and I noticed that the girl watched him narrowly.

"Lift up the mat, Jack," said I. "Sho! There's no use in that. The mystery's at the other end of the room," he

replied. "Let's take a look, anyhow," I rejoined. Townley moved off the mat, put his foot under its edge, and flopped it over. "By George, we've got it!" he yelled; for there, where the thing had lain, was an unmistakable trap-door about two feet

Our comrades gathered around, the boards were pried up and disclosed a subterranean tutnel, three feet wide and six deep, leading directly to the rear. On seeing our discovery the two women fairly screamed with fury and tore tran-

tically at their bonds, while Gus Howland anatched up a piece of tallow candle, lighted it and dropped down into the tun-One by one we followed, passed along fully carried out-the hunt resulting in | under the floor, and, climbing four rude |

securing one male and three female caives, steps at the further end, pushed up anas fleet as their eldere, and the exciting | chamber.

but as the faint candle-light prerced the darkness we saw in one corner a pile of buffalo robes, and upon this couch, gugged and bound, lay an Indian boy.

The mystery was deepening! Only a half inch of candle was left. Without staying even to loose the prisoner, we carried him through the passage toward the front room.

Young Eastlake, wild with excitement, was the first to spring out of the tunnel. Then he drew the captive up after him, and prepared to unbuckle the straps confining his legs and arms. He had, however, scarcely knelt for this purpose when he shouted: "Oh, father; it's a white boy! It's a white boy!"

An instant later we all stood by Dick's side. The straps and gag were quickly removed, and the prisoner set upon his feet. For one brief moment he looked around, as if bewildered, then fixed his eyes upon Brooke and cried out: "Oh, Charlie! Charlie!" The scene which followed beggars all

description. Charlie Brooke at first staggered back in sheer amazement, pale as death and trembling as from the sight of a spirit. Then he rushed forward with a cry of rupture, caught his recovered treasure to his breast, laughed and wept over him by turns, hugged and kissed him in a delirium of joy, and showered upon him every endearment which a mother might bestow upon her first-born child received back from the grave; while over and over again he murmured: "Oh, Fred! my darling Fred! Thank God for this day!"

To the astounded party-all except mv-self in the dark-he then told the story of his bereavement. "But, Fred," he concluded, "who could have supposed that you would know me after these six long years? You were only four when we parted."

"Why, Charlie, I knew you in a minute," said the happy boy. "I remember that morning when you rode away from the door just as plain as can be.' Now that we could see him clearly, we found Fred to be a handsome, well-grown little fellow. His face, hands and arms had been stained dark as those of an ·Indian, but every other part of his skin

was fair and white as ever.

"And have these people abused you, Fred!" asked Brooke, looking threateningly at the glowering family. "No, they've been real good to me: but they always shut me up when there's white hunters anywhere round here. Wa-ga-natah-that's the girl's Indian name, but I call her Waggee-gets track of them, somehow, and then she goes to the top of the hill and watches. The old woman-I have to call her 'Mam'-stands at the edge of the bush, and when Waggee makes signs that white folks is comin' she hides me right off and fixes me so I can't speak nor move. They don't ever let me go anywhere by

myself." While this conversation was going on, the Mexican and his wife seemed in deadly

They were, doubtless, most agreeably surprised when we unbound and set them and their daughter free. On being assured of perfect immunity for all past offenses the old woman, who spoke tolerable English, told the story of Fred's abduction, I reduce her narrative to a few words of necessary explanation.

When Brooke's ranch buildings were burned and his servants murdered, this woman's husband had long been an Indian by adoption, and it was, the squaw said, solely owing to his influence that the boy was not killed with the others. The couple having only one child, and that one a girl, were allowed to keep him on condition of making an Apache warrior of him. Both they and their daughter quickly became much attached to the little white stranger, but when the search for him grew too hot, they found that, to avoid danger to himself and his band, the sub-chief had determined to kill him. So, only ten days after his adduction, the whole family stole away from their tribe, made off to the East, and after nearly a year of fearful hardships and wandering, finally settled down in the secladed spot where we had so strangly found them-by chance, does the reader think? Ah, no! But even then, though so many hundreds of miles removed from their former hannts, they lived, the old creature said, in a state of constant terror lest their adopted son should be taken from them, and in all those six years be had never been for one hour beyond their

control. It is a curious, perhaps a creditable, commentary upon human nature that notwithstanding the great wrong he had auffered at the hands of these people Charlie Brooke was so deeply moved by the frantic grief of the girl and the genuine sorrow of her parents on parting with Fred that he actually headed a liberal subscription, to which we all contributed, and left with them a larger sum in hard cash than "Poor creatures," he compassionately

said: "they acted according to their lights. The money will somewhat copsole them, and is a small thank offering, indeed, for us to make." [Copyright, 1892, by Tillotson & Son.]

----HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Superintendent of Sunday-school (who has talked for balf an hour, in a last appeal)-Children, what more can I say? Wearied Tot (in the front row, eagerly) -Pleathe, thir, thay amen and thit down.

Conditioned. Saint Peter (to newly-arrived spirit)ake the toboggan slide Spirit-But, while in the flesh, I never believed in a hell. Saint Peter-Can't help that. It's a con-

dition which confronts you now-not a theory. The Cause.

Cloak Review Strawber-I suppose you will be surprised to hear that my engagement is broken of Singerly-Really! Why, great Scott, old man, it was only yesterday that I saw you out shopping with your liancee. Strawber (sady) - I know it, that's what broke it off.

Something He Could Not Forgive.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. "No," said a citizen, when asked if he would contribute anything to the relief of the flood safferers, "I don't think I will." "Can't afford it, ch?"

"It isn't that, but the last time I gave something for charity one of the papers spelled my name wrong." Could Afterd It.

Cloak Review. Strawber-Do you notice that the cashier in our restaurant has on a new gown every Singerly-Yes. But I am not suprised at

Strawber-Why not? Singerly-She's the wife of the head

A Legal Question. Little Willie-Papa, when a man takes up the law it means he starts in being a lawyer, doesn't it?

His Father-Yes. "And when he's a judge and lays down the law is that where he quits?" But his father told him it was time be was in bed long ago.

Evidence of Prosperity.

Aunt Furby Low-An' von say Johnny Smart is on the Produce Exchange down in York! Does his business 'pear to be a-Farmer Wiskers-I guess so. He told me be'd jes' bought ten thousand bushels of wheat; an' Furby, his office hain't got no more storage room 'n your parlor.

Miss Pinkerly (before the good night)-It's raining so now, Mr. Tutter, that you had better take my umbrella. Tutter-Thanks, Miss Pinkerly, I don't know but I will. But (brightly) I will bring it back with me to-morrow night. Miss Pinkerly-Oh, you needn't trouble yourself, Mr. Tutter, you can just as well send it.

Adapted to the Weather.

Uncle Silas-Here! I thought you said them pants wouldn't shrink! I got cought in the rain goin' back to the hotel, an' now look at 'ein'

Isaacs-Mein freint, ven I tolt you dose ully carried out—the hunt resulting in securing one male and three female caives. These young buffaloes proved to be quite other trap and came into a long, narrow is fleet as their elders and the execution of the look. I meant dat dey you car bear it—laying the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports, the indispositive of their property of the first panel of their property of the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports, the indispositive of their property of their property of their property of the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports, the indispositive of their property of their property of the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports, the indispositive of their property of their property of their property of the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports, the indispositive of their property of their property of their property of their property of the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports, the indispositive of their property of their property of their property of the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports, the indisposition of their property of the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports, the indisposition of their property of the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports, the indisposition of their property of the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports, the indisposition of their property of the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports, the indisposition of their property of the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports, the indisposition of their property of the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports, the indisposition of their property of the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports, the indisposition of their property of the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports, the indisposition of the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports, the indisposition of the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports at the cloth upon the attention to athletic sports at the cloth upon the attention to attention to athletic sports at the cloth upon the attention to a pants vouldn't shrink, I meant dat dey made of chemically prepared fabric, so dat ven it pegins to fain, you don't haf to turn the pottoms of dem up. Ven fair vedder sets in, dey vill lengthen out of demselves | Arabia. Rain has fallen there only twice | Arabia. Rain has fallen there only twice | Arabia. Rain has fallen there only twice | Ids. You will feel the eyes strong and to indulge in healthful physical recreation is a weakness the damit women. Gymnasium, Music Art. Watch Repairing, Engraving, Indianapolis, Indianapolis shase led us many miles into a rough, I At first glance the place seemed empty; I sets in, dey vill lengthen out of demselves I Arabia. Rain has fallen there only twice I future.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

The Pilgrim. She walks as light as thistle down By autumn breezes caught and blown Across the fields where sunset's gold Wanes where the mist lies white and cold. So lies her path-o'er hillsides gray Where light of summer dies away. Summer of youth and life and hope Casts parting gleams along the slope Where, facing towards the distance dim, A dauntless form, erect and slim, No comrade clinging to her hand, She journeys to an unknown land. Behind her lies the land sun-kist; Ever before her rolls the mist. Ashes of roses in the sky, Brown leaves where quiet waters lie Frame deep her face reflected there, The sun's dead gold upon her hair. Long time she feared that face to see, It held such depth of mystery. Long time within those eyes she saw Deep down such soundless depths of awe. Now she has learned therein to read A lesson that few mortals heed-That when God's face she would have known She looked-and only saw her own! Learn then thyself, nor fear to gaze Deep in thine own inquiring face,-Nor shrink thine inmost thought to know; Then to the Future thou shalt go, As goes the pilgrim-fearlessly Across those hills of mystery! -Juliet V. Strauss. The Whippoorwill.

Above long woodland ways that led To dells the stealthy twilights tread, The west was hot geranium-red; And still, and still, Along old lanes the locusts sow

And then the far-off, far-off woe Of "whippoorwill!" of "whippoorwill!" Beneath the idle beechen boughs We heard the near bells of the cows

Beyond the light that would not die Out of the scarlet-haunted sky, Beyond the evening star's white eye Of glittering chalcedouy, Drained out of dust the plaintive cry

Of "whippoorwill!" of "whippoorwill!" What is there in the moon that swims A naked bosom o'er the limbs, That all the wood with magic dims?

Among the trees whose shadows grope Mid ferns and flow'rs the dew-drops ope,-Lost in faint deps of heliotrope Above the clover sweetened slope,-Retreats, despairing past all hope, The whippoorwill, the whipporwill.

> Arm-in-Arm. Take yer arm in mine, old man, Let us take a little walk; 'Pears like I kin understan' Yer old-fashioned talk,-How ye love her, sleepin' so, Yander in the grave, Where the rich wild roses blow. And the lilies wave.

To the tear-drops on yer cheek, 'Terp'etin' the tremblin' chin. Like a scholar, Greek. She was good, an' kind, an' how She smoothed down the piller, an' On a fevered, achin' brow Laid a soothin' han'.

Somepin' sorter broke her heart, Seemed a son had went away .-Watched the rose-blooms kinder part, Showin' snowy gray 'N under where the rompin' June Use to play with bee an' bird; Soft as shadders from the moon By a light wind stirred.

'Cross this narrer ridge o' groun', Raise yer voice fergivin' me; Fer the los' sheep now is foun', An' the bilnd kin see,-Foun' to mourn o' life bereft Frum it's fairest portion, an' See to stretch to him that's left This implorin' han'.

A Child of the Forest. Oh! yes, I know where the lady-slippers grow, Where woodland lilies are thickest: I know where the very first May flowers blow. And mushrootes spring up quickest.

And the partridge's drum And the wild bee's hum I know how to follow. And the trees they becken to me, And the trees they whister to me.

Where the wood thrush starts,

And when the wind blows free The leaflets dance in glee, And birds sing sweet in the tree, To me, the forest rover. A Faded Rose.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her, Nothing but a rose Any wind might rob of half its savor, Any wind that blows.

Crumpled, sold on fold-Once it lay upon her breast, and ages Cannot make it old.

OUT OF THE OFDINARY.

own homes.

as his daily allowance. There are two eclipses of the sun eve y year, and sometimes five, though the ouscuration is only partial. It is estimated that there are less than 10,000 panpers in the Japanese empire, with

its population of 257,000,000. From the beginning to the end of the war of the rebellion there were 2:8,000 desertions from the Union armies. A young St. Louis girl is said to have

ing bread for the Woman's Exchange. New York has become so cosmopolitan in recent years that more than one hundred languages and dialects are spoken in the

The poorest paid parson in America is said to be a Mr. Wainfleet, of Mojesworth, Me., a very small village. His salary is \$3 a wsek.

en eagle's flight. The bird often makes 140 miles an hour. So light is the spider's web that a pound weight of it will reach around the world

York to San Francisco. The longest bridge in this country is the Pontchartrain in Louisiana. It is nearly twenty-five miles long.

single elephant pushed out of the mire a wagon which the combined strength of fourteen horses had tailed to move. The census returns show that in the entire State of Virginia the surplus of women is only thirty-nine. Many a Massachusetta

nets worn by the Israelites bore inscriptions. The breast-plates of the high priests were set with twelve precions stones, each

conceives that the sense of sight sleeps first, then the sense of taste, next the sense or smell, next that of hearing, and lastly that of touch. A ray of light which would travel around the earth in about one-eighth of a second

decided to purchase a bicycle and use it regularly. We hope that this report is If the eyes are tired and inflamed from true, for the example of a woman of her loss of sleep, by sitting up late or long standing will do much to popularize the travel, apply in the morning soft white wheel among her sex. While our young linen, dripping with hot water-as hot as | men are perhaps giving too much of their

twenty-six years.

selves from death.

ing that awful visitation.

ing-named Indianians:

coal.

According to a recent report of the In-

spector of Mines 6,112 women are employed

at coal mines in Great Britain. No women

are employed now to work below the sur-

face, but of the number named 5,819 women

are employed in the actual handling of

to spite an enemy, but they neglect the

simplest precautions for preserving them-

Rats are natives of Asia and their raids

westward belong to comparatively modern

times. The black rat first came from Asia

to Europe in the sixteenth century-along

with the plague—and was first known p the "graveyard" specter," because 16 preyed on the flesh of those who died du.

The English Royal Marines are uns : -

passed by any troops in the world. They

enlist with a character, and they learn a

trade. They serve for twelve years, or for

twenty-one with a pension, instead of be-

ing turned adrift at twenty-four. And

when they are discharged there is compe-

PENSIONS FOR VETERANS.

Residents of Indiana and Illinois Whose

Claims Have Been Allowed.

Pensions have been granted the follow-

Original-Henry Carter, Eli Coon, Barton W. Goble, William Mack, Daniel Cochran, Aaron W.

Hewitt, James T. Kinnett, Benjamin F. Hutch-

ens, Joseph Mossey, Andrew J. Eastridge, Henry H. Blockson, John F. Blain, Abraham Mullen-

dore, John A. Rodman, George W. Lamb, Horace

W. Harper, Lyman B. Kelso, Jacob S. McCullough, John Weis, Allen Gentry, Gideon P. Smith, Jackson O'Nell, Matthias Hollopeter, Thos.

W. Sleeth, Michael Gaivin, Charles Rogers, John L. Killian, George Heid, Orlando M. Morrison, David Z. Lee, William A. Grigsby, jr.,

Albert D. Jaquith, Herman S. McKenzie, William Price Additional-Martin L. Kennedy, Al-

Carter, George Kocher, John W. Coombs. Re-issue-Francis M. McPike, Elijah S. Smallwood,

TO RESIDENTS OF ILLINOIS.

John D. Schoffeld, Abraham G. Betchtel, Thomas

Feely, Joseph Gallaner, John H. Eder, Law-

rence McDonald, John D. Rogers, William C.

Patrick R. Nealon, Isaac A. Rich

Louis Helfrich, Margaret Leonard, minor of

The Light on Limbo Jones.

"Good mawnin', Miss Jackson," said Mr.

Limbo Jones gallantly to the belie of the

"I hain' no Miss Jackson," was her dis-

Mr. Jones looked at her critically. Didn't

he know her well! Had he not been court-

"Hain' no Miss Jackson!" he said ques-

"Ise Mrs. Lightfoot, sah; da's who I is,"

"Mrs. Lightfoot! Mrs. Lightfoot!" he

'Las' night at seben o'clock, Mr. Jones."

"Wha' Lightfoot is dat you marry, Miss

"Henry Lightfoot!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Whaffur you gwin marry dat lazy, good-

fer-nothin nigga, when you kno I'se been

co'tin' you fer mo'n a yea? Whatlur you

Then it was a great light shone on Mr.

Limbo Jones, and he went to a sequestered

spot and kicked himself across a cornfield

All in One Rose.

Florists are not without their trials and

tribulations. An old German florist, relating his tribulations, said: "I have so much

trouble with the ladies when they come to

buy mine rose. They all wants him bardy;

they wants him dooble; they wants him

nice gooler; they wants him nice shape;

they wants him fragrant; they wants him

moondly; they wants him everydings in

one rose. Now, I have to say to dem ladies,

though not what you call an ungalisht

man, I save that I sees not that lady that

is rich, that is young, that is good demper,

that is beautiful, that is healthy, that is

smart, that is everydings in one lady; I see

Approves of Frances.

Miss Frances E. Willard, it is said, has

"Caze he axed me, Mr. Jones."

repeated slowly. "When dat happen?"

ing her off and on for a year!

tioningly: "Who is you den?"

and she tossed her head loftily.

' Henry, Mr. Jones,"

do dat, Miss Jackson?'

Vick's Menthly.

her not mooch."

ristian Advocate

Lewis Keim, minors of Nathaniel Nowlin.

bark,

don.

Riley

Detroit Free Press.

conricous reply.

Jackson?"

fred Lewis, Isum Gwin, Samuel J. Hope.

tition for them among employers.

IF SO DO NOT FAIL TO

ATTEND

THE GREAT SUMMER

With clustered pearls the May-times know, Out of the crimson afterglow We heard the homeward cattle low,

Come slowly jangling toward the house; And still, and still,

While still, while still,

-Madison Cawein.

'Pears like now I enter in

-Alonzo Leora Rice, in Judge.

Where the brown hare darts, To its covert down the hollow;

And spread their broad arms over; -Forest and Stream.

Withered, faded, pressed between these pages, -Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Out of the 2,000,000 that inhabit New York and Brooklyn only 13,000 own their One of the employes of a St. Louis brewery is said to receive tifty glasses of beer

made a profit of \$1,30 last year in furnish

The speed of the fastest railway train is not much more than haif that of the gold-

and then leave enough to reach from New trestle which crosses a portion of Lake At Washington C. H., O., the other day, a

maiden will sigh for a residence in the old common wealth. Like some of the rings of to-day the sig-

one representing a tribe of the children of Israel. Few are aware that the human body falls asleep by degrees. A French physiologist

takes more than four hours to come from Neptune. For Alpha Centsuri, the nearest fixed star, light makes the journey in five and one-half years.

Cor. Market and Penn. Opposite Postoffice.

DRAPERIES

:: MATTINGS

LACE CURTAINS

:::RUGS



THIS WILL BE TO YOUR ADVANTAGE. COME AND SEE

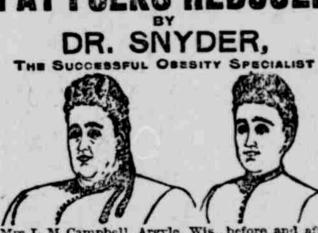
-\$100-FOR LADIES and GENTS.

116 and 118 North Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis.



Do not advertise Teeth without plates, still they have something valuable in that line superior to bridge work in most cases, and at less than half the cost. The Dental profession is challenged to produce anything equal to our patent plates for either full or partial dentures. No money required from responsible parties until the work is satis-

factory. WALLACE BLOCK, Massachusetts avenue and New York street. FAT FOLKS REDUCED DR. SNYDER,



crease-Philip Kaneger, George W. Brackney (deceased), Elijah Curtis, Altred Roberts, Pleas-ant Y. Pyles, Adolphus W. Wherly, Andrew J. Robbins, William M. Richardson, Leonard "As is well known to a large number of our friends, we have been under the treatment of Dr. G. W. F. Snyder, the celebrated specialist of Chi-cage, since the 18th of January, 1802, for obesity, with very gratifying results, as the following statement of weight and measurements before and after sixty days' treatment will show:

George W. McCune (deceased), Stephen Litsey.
Original widows, etc.—Nathalia Boepple, Louisa
N. Smith, Mary Kehl, Maria M. Kalkmann,
minor of Charles Meyer, minor of William M.
Wallace, Abraham Boyer (father.) Befere. Weight—845 pounds...279 pounds...66 pounds Chest—55½ inches....44 inches....11½ inches Waist—60½ inches....45 inches....15½ inches Hips—66 inches....46 inches....20 inches Original-Calvin Pender, Joseph Seltenreich, William A. Lane, Frederick Johnson, John A. "All the time we have attended to our regular busibeen improving every day. We would advise all Boren, Eben F. Porter, Fredrich Bruning, Leonafflicted with obesity to write to Dr. Snyder. We will be pleased to answer all letters of inquiry wher stamp is inclosed."-Rice Lake (Wis) Times, April

PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL

Hutchinson, Frank Schultz, Nicholas Steilen, John Libbe, Robert C. Willis, Theodore Van ifidential. Harmless, and with no starving, inconvenience, or offects. For particulars cell, or address with 6c in stamps. Hague, Charles S. Kirkland, Isaac M. Smith, DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, Lewis Norton, James Huddle-MOVICKER'S THEATRE BLDG. CHICAGO Bowers, Charles E. Burnett, Chauncey L. King, Smith McCoy, Albert T. Lewis, Fietcher C. Taylor, Henry Cooper, Are you too fat?

MARIENBAD Additional—Thos. Shelmody, Jus. Hall, Hiram M. Frantz, Wm. H. Taylor, Jas. Westmoreland, Dewitt C. Green, Frederick Lohman, Ebenezer Hatfield, Simon Edwards, Alexander C. Smit). Increase -- Adam Bragg, Jacob Jackson, John M. Millen, Darius Reynolds, Lewis Snoe, Henry Bomersteim. Reissue - David Leonard (deceased.) Original widows, etc-Elizabeth A. Irwin, Elizabeth R. Bambridge, Sarah A. Leach,



bottle and label. TRADE MARK. Price \$6 for three bot-tles, sufficient for six weeks' treatment, or \$2.25 per MISS VERA MEAD, 55 West 25th street, New York, writes: "I have lost sixty-three pounds in weight and thirteen inches in waist measure and ara MR. W. R. MILES, 38 Park Row, New York writes: "My decrease at the end of twenty-three days' treatment is thirty pounds and I have not felt so well DR. W. A. HUBBARD, 70 West Cedar street, Boston, Mass, writes: "Your Marienbad pills have a wonderful effect in reducing corpulency, they deserve the confidence and patronage of the public. Asthmatic, Dyspeptic and Rheumatic symptoms tisappear under the treatment. No starvation or purging.

No starvation or purging.

Send for Mr. Hudnut's pamphlet on "Obesity," the
best treatise on this disease yet published.

Special depots for Pills and Pamphlets
Geo, W. Sloan, Druggist, 22 West Washington st.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its effect, that I will send Two BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

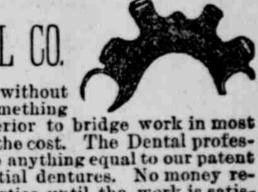
WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAL For the SKIN, SCALP and COMPLEXION.
The result of 20 years' experience is treating skin diseases. For sale by druzgists, or sent by mail for 50c. A sample ake of Seap and 145 page book on De Illustrated on Skin Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases Also Disfeurements like Birthmarks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks; Scars, Pittings, Redness of Kose, Superfluors Hair, Pimples, Factal Development, etc. Consultation free at office or by letter. JOHN H. WOODBURY, D. I., 125 W. 424 St., New York City.

GEO. C. DYER, MANUFACTURING JEWELER.

MANUFACTURING JEWILL

The most popular line of wheels manufactured in Indiana. For sale only by

W.T. Hearsey & Co - THE -



RAILWAY TIME-TABLES. Indianapolis Union Station.

ennsulvania Lines Trains Run by Central Time TICKET OFFICES at Station and at corner Illinois and Washington Streets. TRAINS BUN AS FOLLOWS: FROM INDIANAPOLIS TO

Columbus, Ind., and Louisville * 3.40 am Philadelphia and New York... • 5.00 am Baltimore and Washington.... • 5.00 am Dayton and Springfield...... 5.00 am Martinsville and Vincennes... † 8.00 am Madison and Louisville...... † 8.05 am Richword and Columbus, O ... † 8.00 am Baltimore and Washington ... * 3.00 pm Dayton and Springfield..... 3.00 pm *12.20 pm Knightstown and Richmond... 4.00 pm 1 10.00 am Columbus Ind., and Louisville 4.00 pm *11.15 am Martinsville and Vincennes. † 4.05 pm †10.55 sm Commbus, Ind. and Madison. † 4.30 pm †10.30 am Pittsburg and East..... 5.30 pm *11.40 am Dayton and Xenia. Logansport and Chicago *11.30 pm * 3.30 am

VANDALIALINE TO ST. LOUIS AND From Indianapolis Union Station. Trains leave for St. Louis, 8.10 a.m., 11.50 a.m. 12.30 p.m., 11:00 p.m. Trains connect at Terre Haute for E. & T. H. points. Evansville sleeper on 11:00 p.m. train Greencastle and Terre Haute Acc., leaves 4:00 Arrive from St. Louis 3,30 a.m., 4,50 a.m., 2,50 p.m., 5.20 p.m., 7.45 p.m. Terre Haute and Greencastle Acco. arrives at 10.00 a.m.

Sleeping and Parlor cars are run on through MONON ROUTS! The Vestibuled

PULLMAN CAR LINE I cave Indianapolis. No. 32-Chicago Lim., Pullman Vestibuled coaches, parlor and dining car, daily ... Arrive in Chicago à. 20 pm No. 34-Chicago Night Ex., Pullman Vesti-Arrive in Chicago 7.35 am. No. 38-Monon Acc. Arrive at Indianapolis. No. 31-Vestibule, daily. 3.25 am No. 33-Vestibule, daily..... Ticket Offices-No. 26 South Illinois street, and at Union Station.

EDUCATIONAL.

Th rough and Comprehensive Course in

PENMANSHIP, TELEGRAPHY, ENGLISH, ETC.

BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, WHEN BLOCK, OPP. P. O. Elevator. Telephone 499.

HEEB & OSBORN. Jusiness tollege INDIANAPOLIS, IND., N. E. cor. Washington Pre-Eminently the Leading Commercial and Short Book-keeping, Business Practice, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting, English Branches, Teleg. raphy, office Training, etc. Day and evening sections throughout theyear. Large and strong faculty.

SITUATIONS INSURED EVERY GRADUATE. For full

particulars address L. A. DUTHIE, Principal. MRS. MAY CABLE'S - PRIVATE -Short-Hand and Type-Writing School

307 NORTH ALABAMA STREET. Poplis instructed individually or in class. GIRLS' CLASSICAL SCHOOL Eleventh year opens Sept. 14. Prepares for all